

PLANESWALKERS

THE RAVEN'S EYE

part I



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND

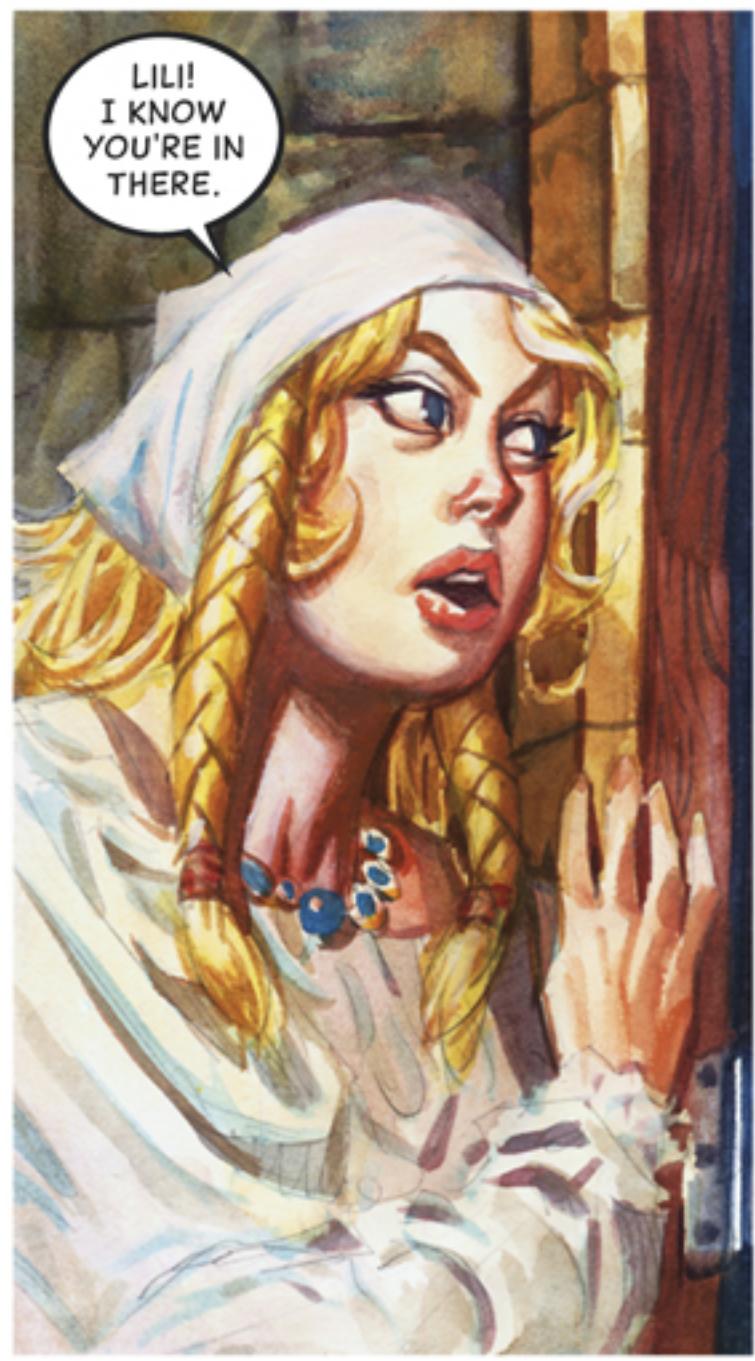
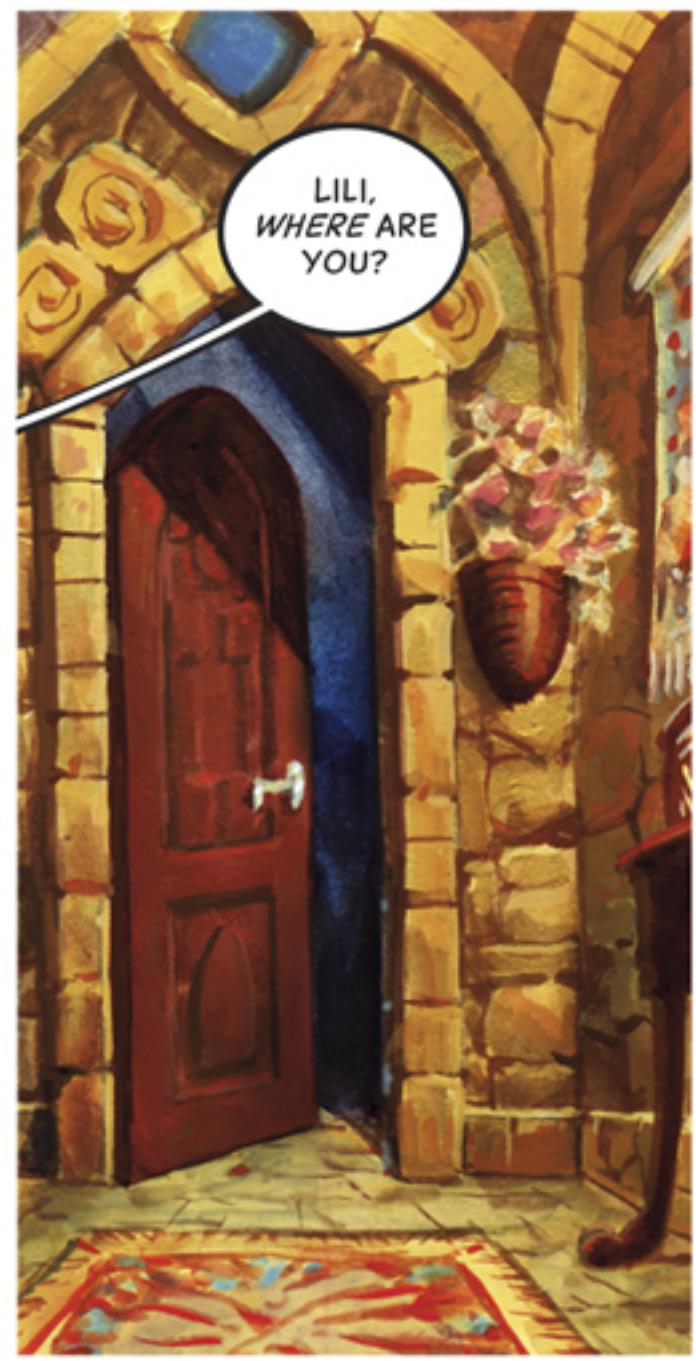
ILLUSTRATED BY DAN BRERETON

STORY BY JENNA HELLAND AND BRADY DOMMERMUTH

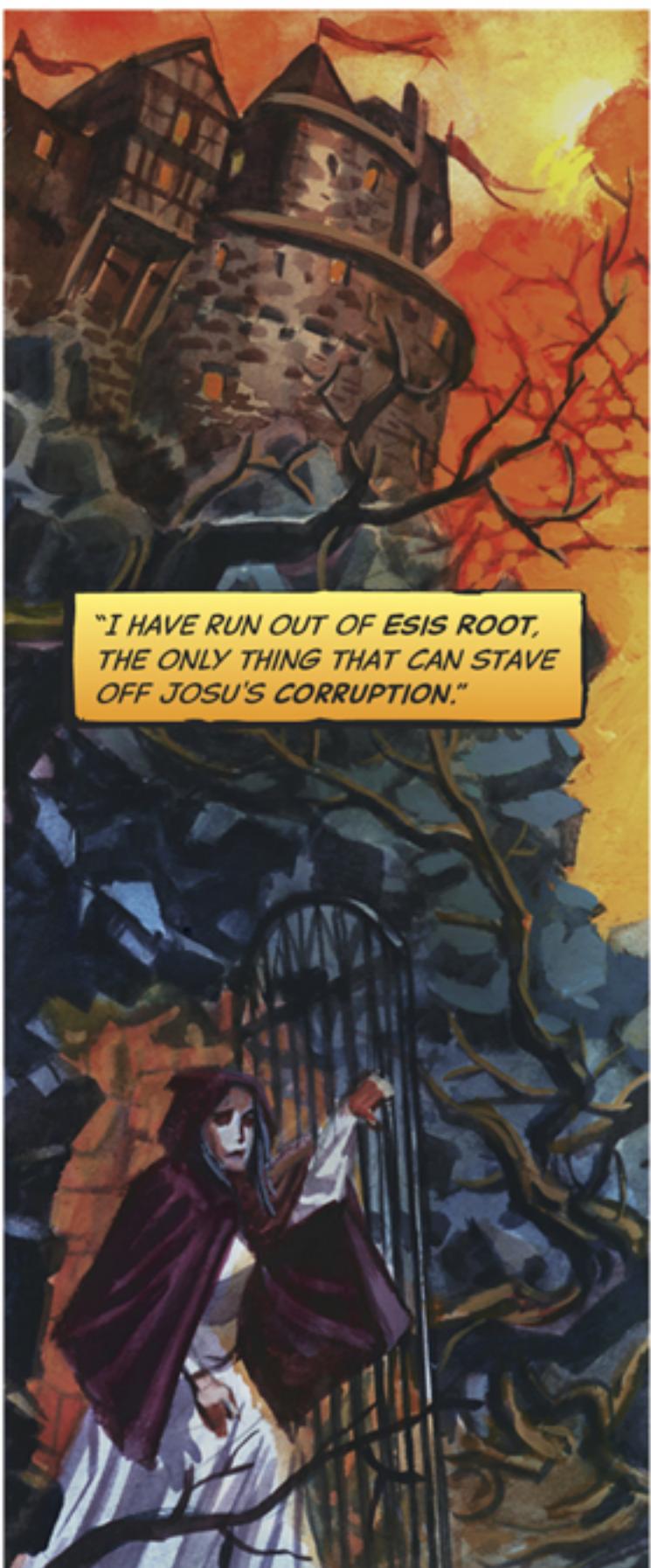
LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

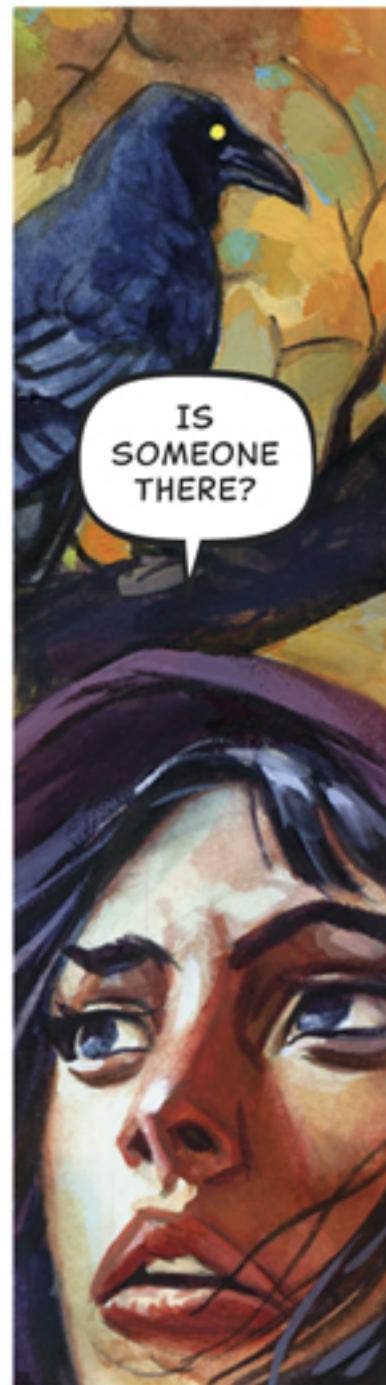
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS

BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND ALEKSI BRICLOT















PLANESWALKERS

THE RAVEN'S EYE

part 2



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY NIC KLEIN

STORY BY JENNA HELLAND AND BRADY DOMMERMUTH

LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS

BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND ALEKSI BRICLOT

WE LOST GOOD MEN LAST NIGHT. THERE'LL BE TIME TO MOURN THEM LATER. THERE'LL BE TIME TO AVENGE THEM LATER. BUT NOT NOW. WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THE PLAN. AGREED? ALL RIGHT. BIB, DID YOU CATCH THE BLASPHEMERS?

DEAD AND DEAD. YOU WANT DETAILS? 'CAUSE IT WAS UGLY.

EVEN IF YOU CHOPPED OFF THEIR HEADS AND THREW THEM IN THE MAR, THAT DOESN'T STOP THEIR ARMIES. YOU KNOW SHE'S TRACKING US.

NO, NOT AS LONG AS THEY'RE GONE FOR GOOD.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, ALREADY. LOOK AT DALTO SITTING THERE, QUIET AS A MOUSE. YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HIM ALL AGITATED, NOW DO YOU?

OF COURSE NOT! HARCU'S JUST WORRIED. AND HE'S GOT REASON, AT LEAST TO MY THINKING. HOW DO WE SNEAK THE CHEST BACK WITHOUT NOTICE?

YEAH, THEY'LL BE ON THE ROADS, IN THE VILLAGES, EVEN AT THE PORTS. SHE MIGHT KNOW WHERE WE ARE RIGHT NOW!

I'VE GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL. FIRST, WE'LL HEAD TO THE MOUNTAINS. BRANTILZ WILL MEET US AT THE CROSSROADS NEAR THE ABANDONED MINE . . .

WAIT, ISN'T THAT WHERE THEY SIGHTED THE REBELS? THEY'LL BE CRAWLING THROUGH THERE LIKE VERMIN.

BRANTILZ WILL MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS. OUR JOB IS TO GET THE CHEST THROUGH WITHOUT—

ANYONE CATCHING US.

CRASH!

IT'S GORGEOUS OUTSIDE. WHY ARE YOU SKULKING IN HERE? UNLESS YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO HIDE?

YOU'RE ALL SO JUMPY. I'M NOT HERE TO JUDGE YOU.

WAIT A MINUTE, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I'M HERE.

YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED, MISSY.

AND WE'RE NOT IN THE HABIT OF TAKING ORDERS FROM THE LIKES OF YOU.

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT, AND I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I GET IT.

UM . . . YOU SHOULD REALLY TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF DALTO. HE DOESN'T LIKE TO BE TOUCHED.

WELL, PARDON ME, DALTO. I DIDN'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU.

WHAT ELSE DON'T YOU LIKE?

HE WENT AFTER THAT RABBIT ONE TIME. SCARED THE HELL OUT OF ME.

WATER. HE HATES WATER.

SUNLIGHT. MAKES HIM BLISTER SOMETHING AWFUL.

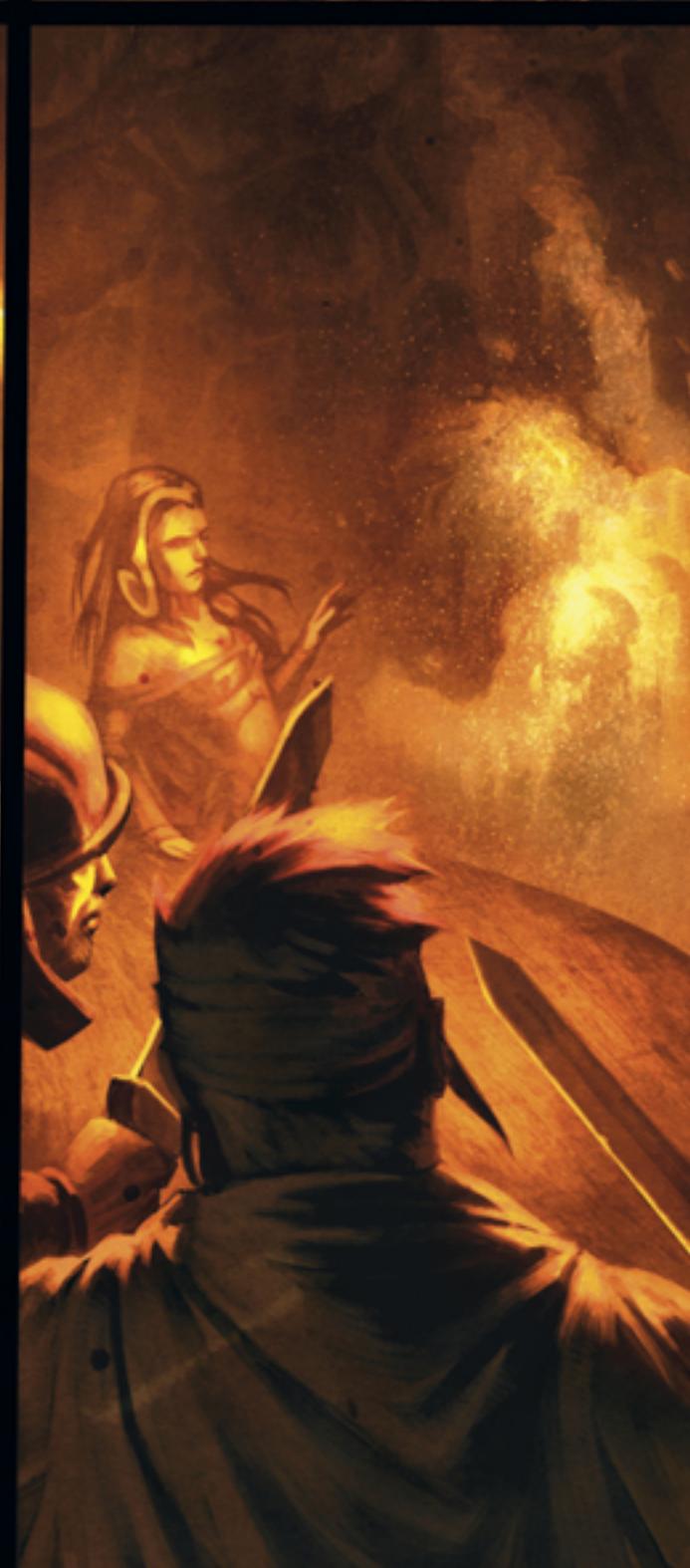
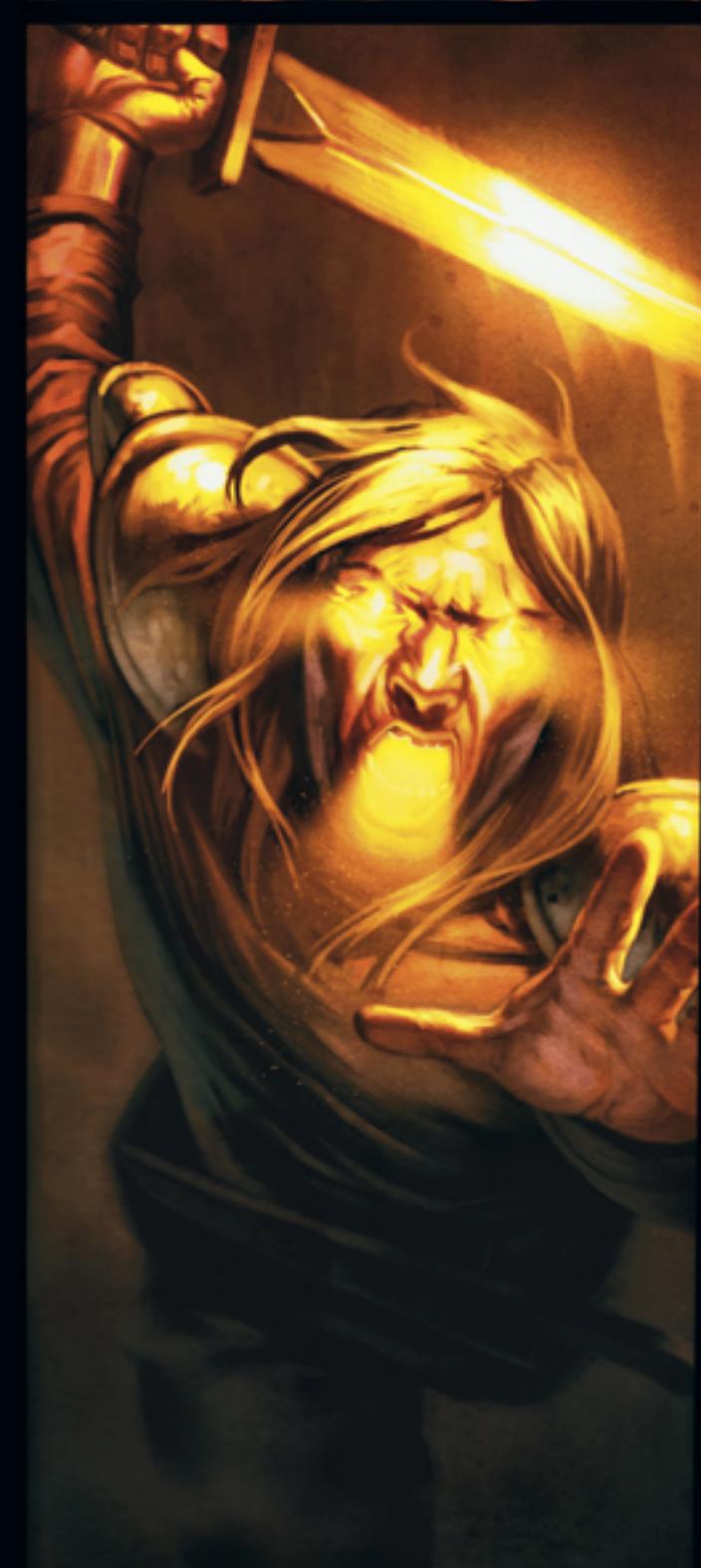
WHILE DALTO'S PREDILECTIONS ARE FASCINATING . . . I REALLY DON'T CARE. SO LISTEN UP . . .

HE DOESN'T TALK, EITHER. AND HE REALLY DOESN'T LIKE YOU TO LOOK AT HIM . . .

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S NOT NICE TO INTERRUPT?



I HAVE A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU, BOYS. AND JUDGING FROM THE COMPANY YOU KEEP—NO OFFENSE, DALTO—YOU COULD USE IT. I'M BREAKING INTO THE VICEROY'S PALACE, AND I NEED A CREW. YOU'RE THAT CREW.





ARISE, DEMON.
YOU CANNOT HIDE
FROM THE LIGHT OF
JUSTICE. THIEVES AND
OUTCASTS, YOU WILL
PAY FOR YOUR
MISDEEDS.

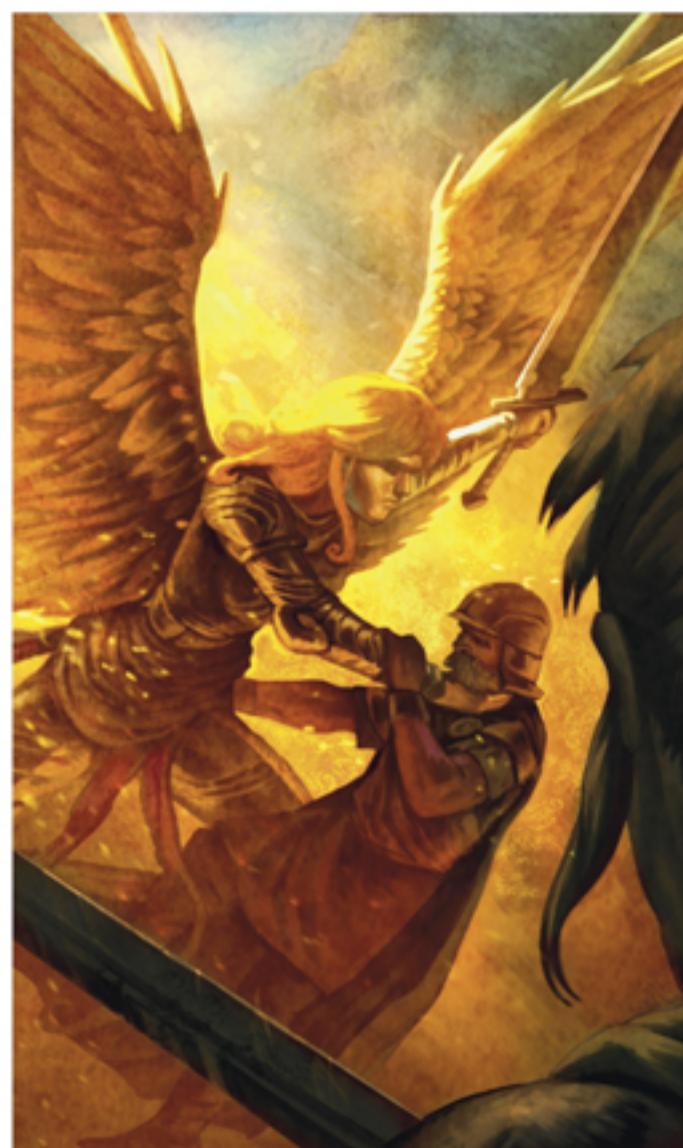
RUN,
DALTO,
RUN!

OH, GREAT. AN ANGEL.
LET'S ALL STOP WHAT WE'RE
DOING AND PROSTRATE
OURSELVES.

SHE FOUND US.
GRAB THE CHEST!
SCATTER!



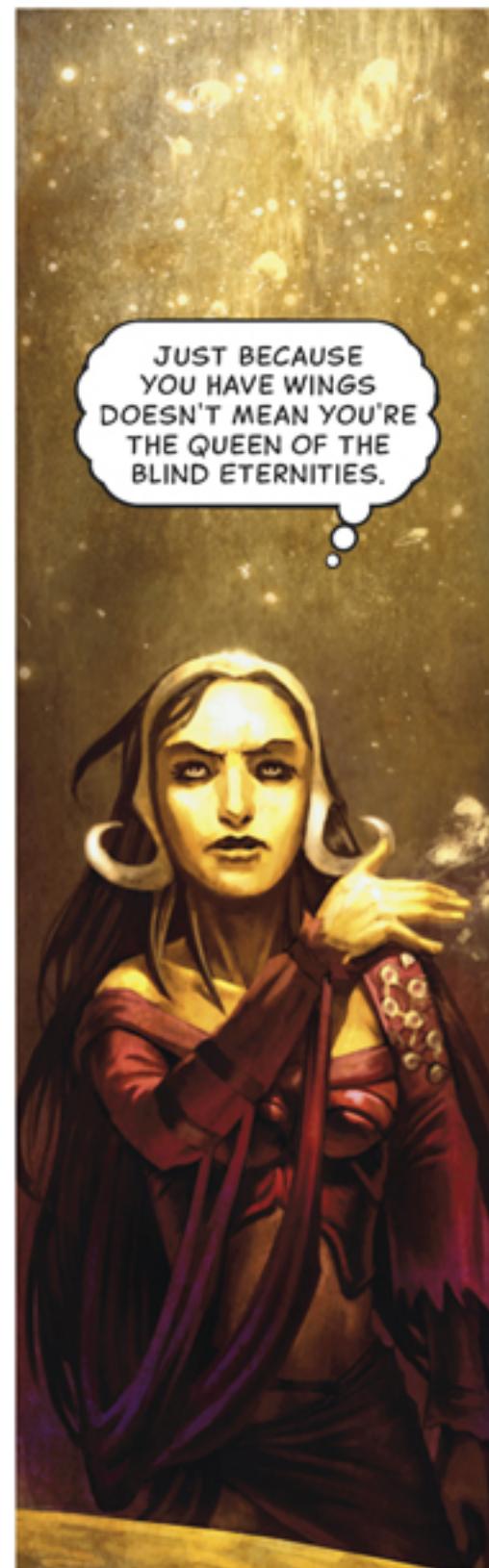
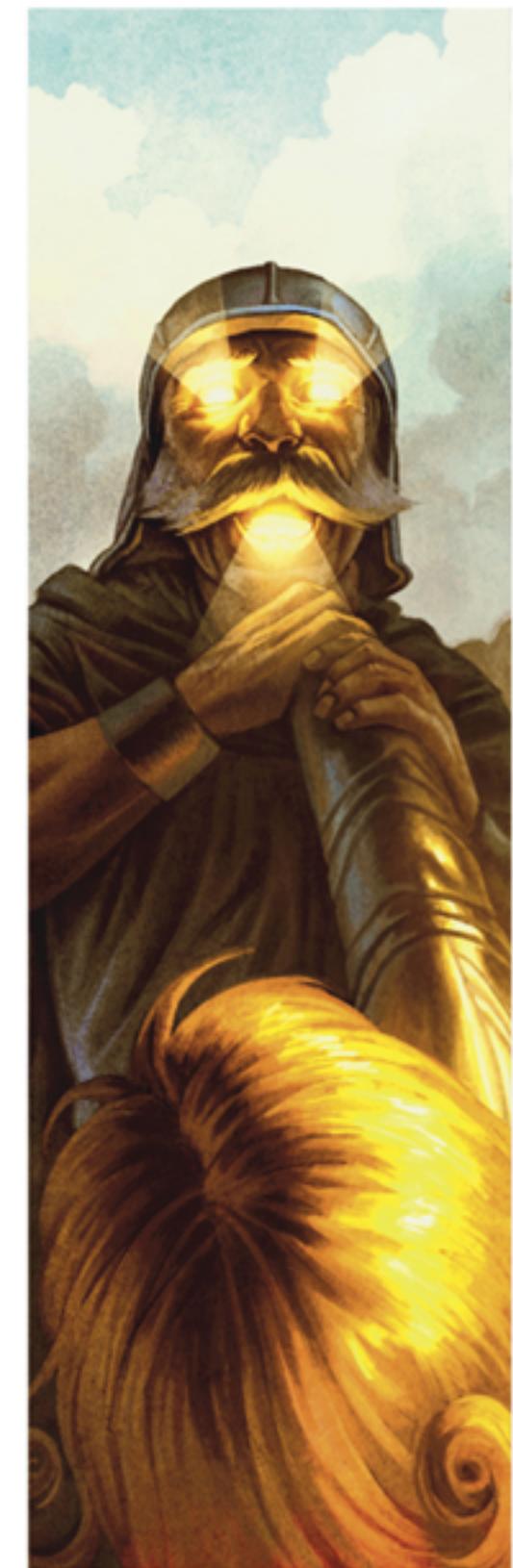
MAKE FOR
THE SHIP! DON'T
LET THE CHEST
OUT OF YOUR
SIGHT!

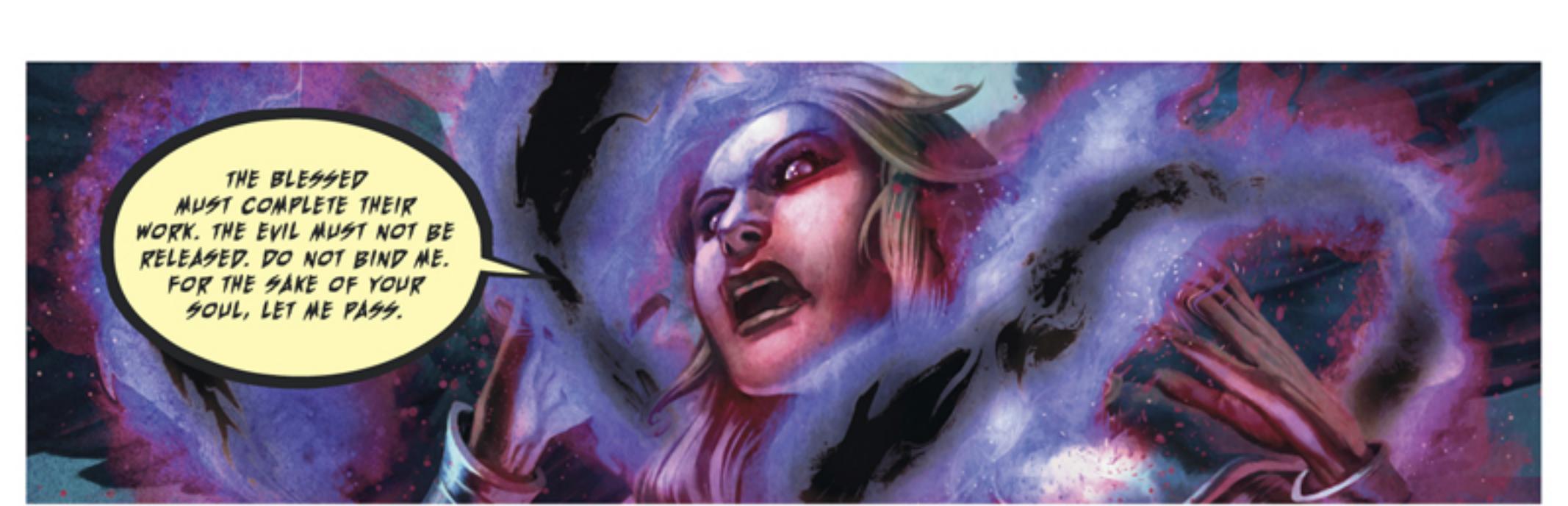


IF ANYONE GETS
TO KILL DALTO,
IT'S ME.

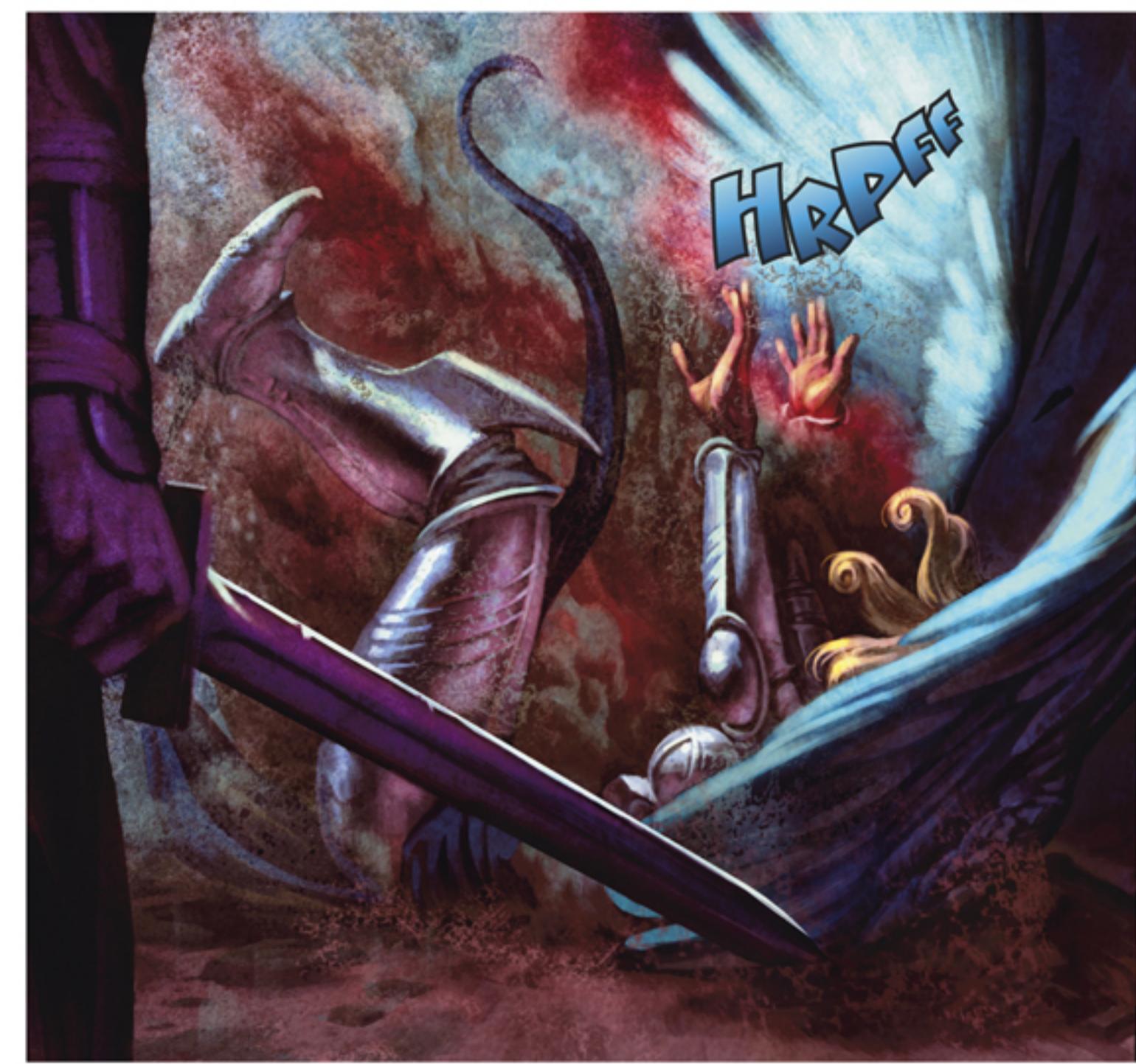
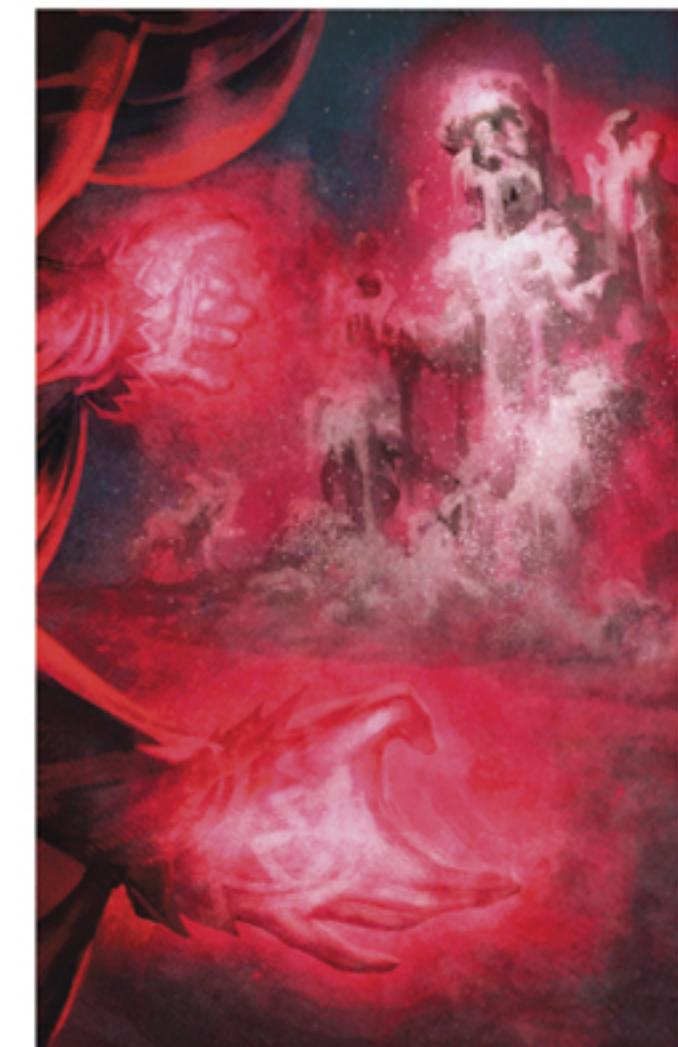


YOU ARE
DAMNED FOREVER.
YOU SHALL DWELL IN
WICKED TORMENT
UNTIL THE END
OF ALL DAYS.





THE BLESSED
MUST COMPLETE THEIR
WORK. THE EVIL MUST NOT BE
RELEASED. DO NOT BIND ME.
FOR THE SAKE OF YOUR
SOUL, LET ME PASS.



GOOD BOY! I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU HAD IT IN YOU.

NOW WE CAN GET BACK TO
BUSINESS. THE VICEROY IS HAVING
A BANQUET TONIGHT AND . . . WHAT
IS THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO?

QUIT POUTING.
YOU JUST KILLED AN
ANGEL. BESIDES, SHE
DESERVED IT FOR
CALLING ME
A DEMON.

SO, ARE WE READY
TO GET TO WORK?
OR AM I GOING TO
HAVE TO PEEK INSIDE
YOUR PRECIOUS
LITTLE CHEST?

A FEW DAYS LATER . . .

WELL DONE, SERVANT BIBORAT. YOUR
REWARD IS NOW ASSURED. YOU'VE RESTORED
THE KEY AND FOUND US A SUITABLE VESSEL.
SHE'LL BE COMING. WE'LL BE WAITING.



PLANESWALKERS

THE RAVEN'S EYE

part 3



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL LEE

STORY BY JENNA HELLAND AND BRADY DOMMERMUTH

LETTERING BY BOB JORDAN

ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS

BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND ALEKSI BRICLOT





"STUPID, CHATTY CORPSE.
MOST UNDEAD JUST STUMBLE
AROUND AND MOAN. WHAT
THE HELL IS YOUR PROBLEM?"

"YOU CALLED ME FROM THE
GRAVE. YOU DIDN'T WANT A
MINDLESS SERVANT. YOU
WANTED ME."



I HEARD YOU KNEW MORE
ABOUT THE ONAKKE THAN
ANYONE. BUT YOU'VE TOLD
ME NOTHING. NOTHING
USEFUL, AT LEAST.



COME OUT,
GRAVE ROBBER!

"YOU MUST GET UP.
GATHER YOUR WITS."



EVERYTHING HURTS.

I CAN'T REMEMBER
WHAT IT FEELS LIKE
NOT TO HURT.



KRACK!



AH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

FIRESTARS.
THEY MUST HAVE
ENLISTED THE
MAGES.

WHY DO THEY CARE
SO MUCH ABOUT A SACK
OF BONES? YOU WERE
IN THE GROUND.

YES, HE WAS
A BELOVED CLERIC.
GONE. MOURNED. BUT
NOT FORGOTTEN.

JUST DAYS
AGO, KILLING WAS
LIKE BREATHING,
AND I DIDN'T
EVEN CARE.

THERE'S A TIME
FOR REFLECTION.
THIS ISN'T IT.

I JUST WANT
IT TO STOP.

TSSSSSSSS

BOOM!





COME NOW, VESSEL.
THESE COMMONERS
SHALL NOT HAVE
THE VEIL.



THE ONAKKE WERE
BRILLIANT CREATURES,
SLAUGHTERED INTO
NOTHINGNESS.

YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE SKY ON
THE NIGHT IT HAPPENED. THE STARS
WERE SO ANGRY, THEY BURNED
SCARS IN THE FIRMAMENT.



WHY EXPLAIN NOW? IT'S TOO
LATE, DEAD MAN. I'M NOT GOING
TO MAKE IT OFF THIS ...

DEATH ISN'T AN OPTION
FOR YOU. REMEMBER
JOSU'S WARNING?

MY BROTHER?

YOU KNOW

JOSU?



REMEMBER THE SKULLS DANCING
THROUGH THE CALIGO? REMEMBER
THE SKIN-WITCHES BURNING
THE ESIS GROVE?

AND YOU, WITH
YOUR YOUTHFUL
DESIRE TO PLEASE
YOUR ELDERS.

NOW YOU ONLY
WANT TO PLEASE
YOURSELF, JUST AS
IT SHOULD BE.

THE ROOT OF EVIL.

THE VEIL OF DECEIT.

THE VESSEL OF
DESTRUCTION.

ALL THE ASPECTS I CULTIVATED.
YET, THEY LED HERE, TO A GODFORSAKEN
DEATH, LITTLE ONE. IT'S THE ONLY IDOL
WORTHY OF WORSHIP.

I REMEMBER YOU,
RAVEN MAN. BUT I'M NOT
THE SAME GIRL YOU
TRICKED BEFORE.



COWARD! WHERE DID YOU GO?
WHY INHABIT A DEAD MAN? HAVE
YOU BEEN INFESTING MY
MIND ALL ALONG?



I MISS YOU, JOSU.
OF ALL THE PEOPLE I'VE
KNOWN, ACROSS COUNTLESS
PLANES AND DISTRACTIONS,
IT'S HIM I MISS.

